JOHN VANDYKE.

By M. QUAD.

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John Vandyke had reached the age of sixty-seven years without having had a romance in his life. From boyhood up he had been a hard worker. For the first thirty years of his life he had been compelled to practice economy, and when bachelorhood came he had seen little of society and found himself a sort of machine. His days were spent in his warehouse and his nights in his den. His office was a dreary old landmark. He arrived at such an hour and departed at such an hour. Old Roberts, his assistant, did the same. His half dozen workmen did the same.

Time may go on and on, but some day the routine of things takes a change. It is so even with the meadows and the mountains. The change came to John Vandyke. He entered his office one morning to find old Roberts dead on the floor. It was a case of heart disease. For three or four days Vandyke was bewildered. Then a business friend of long standing dared to talk to him as he had never been talked to before.

"Get a young man for your bookkeeper, and get a young woman for stenography and typewriting," was the advice of the friend.

The words fairly frightened the old man at first. What an innovation! He had always written his own letters. He had not spoken to a female for years—no wife, no home, no children, no amusement, no sentiment.

Was this to continue? No. He had paved the way for more changes. They frightened him, but yet he was determined.

Why not get married?

Married? He get married? To whom? He was sixty-seven years old. Women would sneer and laugh at him. He had come part way out of his shell, and he was glad he had. But marriage—no, no! He dismissed the subject from his mind, but it returned. It annoyed him; it provoked him; it would not down. Well, why not? he asked himself after a week. He was sixty-seven, but every day he read in the papers of older men than that entering into the bonds of matrimony. But where was the woman? He thought over that for a day, and then the answer came—his stenographer. She was a young woman of about twenty-three; she was of a respectable family; her demeanor was quiet. He could give her a good home and leave her money, and his money would lift her family up. He had got over his fear of her, and he thought she rather liked him as an employer. He had always spoken gently to her, and her pay had been good and her work not too hard. Yes, he would ask her to be his wife, and he would seek for happiness and comfort the rest of his days.

A week went by before John Vandyke had settled in his mind just how he ought to approach the young lady. He had not studied the conventions. Should he enter her room as if on business and ask for her hand? Should he make a call at her home of an evening? Should he buy her books and flowers as a preliminary? Must he at his age spend months in courtship? These queries make you smile, but they bothered the old man. He finally came to the decision that the business way—the only way he was used to—was the best. The bookkeeper was to have a day off, and he would call Miss Wheeler in and say he wished her to become his wife. Yes, that was the best way, and he felt relieved when he made his decision. But it was not to be.

On the forenoon of the day his fate was to be decided John Vandyke stepped out on an errand. He returned in his noiseless way and found the stenographer and the bookkeeper talking together with their backs to him.

"Queer old chap, isn't he?" queried the young man.

"Yes, very," was the answer.

"Been sprucing up lately."

"And how silly of him!"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe he's thinking of getting married."

"What, he! Why, he's over seventy."

"Hardly as old as that, and he's got the money, you know. If he is after a wife I bet he gets a young one."

"The girl who would link herself to him ought to be sent to prison."

"He may ask you—ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him try it!"

John Vandyke softly retreated and walked the streets for half an hour. Then he returned with noisy steps and sat down at his desk and leaned his head on his hand. By and by the stenographer came out for some instructions and found him softly weeping.

"You—you are ill?" she said.

"No, Miss Wheeler."

"But you—you"—

"Oh, it's nothing serious. Perhaps I walked too fast. Perhaps the sun was too hot. Perhaps I've lived too long and grown too old."

"Shall I call a doctor? Will you go home? Can I do anything?"

"Thanks, but I'll be better soon. Foolish of me—very foolish. Yes, you may tell them that the warehousing will be 25 cents a barrel in small lots."

Two weeks later when the old man lay on his bed in the place he had called his home for so many years—lay there, looking pinched and drawn and his lamp of life flickering low—the doctor looked at him a long time and then said:

"You have not lived as the world lives."

"No; I have simply existed."

"And romance has played no part?"

"She—she said I was too old!" whispered the old man as he turned his face to the wall.

Tuberculosis Often Develops From Pneumonia

Consumption readily attacks those who have had Pneumonia. Many sufferers from tuberculosis give a history of having had pneumonia. The lungs thus weakened are more easily attacked by the germs that cause consumption.

For all those with "weak lungs," especially those who have had pneumonia, Eckman's Alterative is the appropriate remedy. Cures of consumption are accomplished by Eckman's Alterative. But take it in time. There is no wisdom in waiting until Tuberculosis is established.

Health is never fully valued until sickness comes.

"I wish I had known of Eckman's Alterative two years ago. Since taking it I have gained twenty-eight pounds and I cannot but be very thankful to you and the Almighty God for the great blessing and change of health it has brought me."

(Signed) Thomas Reilly,
1426 Broadway, Camden, N. J.

Eckman's Alterative is good for all throat and lung troubles, and is on sale at Red Cross Pharmacy and other druggists. Ask for booklet of cured cases, or write to Eckman Mfg. Co., Phila., Pa.

A COSTLY ACCIDENT.

The Wave of a Hand, an Upset Ink Bottle and Bankruptcy.

The mere motion of a hand ruined Cobbett & Co., one of the largest and wealthiest of English engineering firms. They and an American firm tendered bids for the building of the great Kaura bridge for the Russian government. Jacob Cobbett, who was the brain and center of the business, spent six months in the designing and contracting and had all his plans ready. His bid was accepted, and material was bought in enormous quantities. A time limit had been set both for the commencement and finish, and Cobbett was perfecting his plans and making sure of the smallest details, with all the formula spread out on the table before him, when he stretched out his hand, overturned an ink pot and drowned the most important of the papers in a black sea.

Cobbett had a poor memory. In a fever of anxiety he tried to reconstruct his plans from stray notes. It was impossible, and he called on the Russian government for more time. Time was refused, and Russia repudiated the contract on the ground of delay, as the agreement allowed. Cobbett could not get his work through in time, and the Yankee firm, which now advanced a cheaper tender, with cut and dried plans, got the job. The loss drove Cobbett & Co. to bankruptcy, and the great Kaura bridge in Russia is American built.—London Scraps.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

An Old Time Form of Military Punishment in England.

Torture on a grand scale in England went out with Felton, the assassin of Buckingham, but torture on a small scale continued to be practiced on military offenders down to the eighteenth century. The form most frequently resorted to was that known as the wooden horse, to ride which was the punishment accorded for petty thefts, insubordination and so on. The wooden horse was made of planks nailed together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle about eight or nine feet long. This ridge represented the back of the horse and was supported by four posts or legs about five feet high placed on a stand made movable by truckles. To complete the resemblance to the noblest animal in creation a head and tail were added.

When a soldier was sentenced, either by court martial or by his commanding officer, to ride the horse he was placed on the brute's back, with his hands tied behind him, and frequently enough, in order to increase the pain, muskets were fastened to his legs to weigh them down or, as was jocularly said, to prevent the fiery, untamed, barebacked steed from kicking him off.—London Graphic.

Decayed Families.

We have known Morleys who were entirely ignorant of the race from which they came. Sometimes it is far otherwise. The family of Conyers is a remarkable example. It ended in the last baronet, Sir Thomas, who died in 1810 without male issue. He would have passed away in the parish workhouse of Chesterle street had not Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, the historian of the country palatine of Durham, and other generous neighbors intervened. To the last he showed that he was well aware of the dignity of the house he represented and for some time declined to receive assistance from his friends. Another remarkable case is that of Grenville. This family was noteworthy in the wars of the Caroline period, yet as time passed sank so low that two of its members were at one time receiving parish relief, and one of them, evidently by some mistake which it is difficult to account for, was twice picked for high sheriff at the very time he was a pauper.—London Athenaeum.

Happy Events.

A teacher in one of the public schools of Vienna in order to test the ability of her junior class—girls eight to nine years old—in composition writing gave each little miss a subject to be discussed "at once without consultation and without help of any kind." The articles were found to be so interesting and amusing that they have been collected for publication. One article on "My Three Happiest Days" is notable in the unique collection. In well chosen words and clearly rounded sentences the little girl says that, being lost in the woods, having to run away from a fire which broke out in their house and watching a little boat as the wind tossed it on the waves and finally smashed it, were the most "happy events" that she could think of. Another in describing "fairyland" said that it must be a place where "everything is as it is here except that the lakes should be frozen half across at all times of the year so that we could take a swim and jump out and skate."

IT WORKED WELL.

By ANDREW C. EWING.

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I am a bachelor. I am forty. I am a theorist. These few words are abundance of preface to my story.

I have two friends who offered to put themselves in my hands for an experiment in the line of my matrimonial theory. John Auchincloss frankly averred that he believed in marriage, but had always considered it a matter of fate. My idea of taking it out of the hands of fate struck him forcibly. Besides, the plan if properly worked by a third person afforded the best possible chance to at least avoid any bad matrimonial blunder. Helen Englander pretended to make her proposition in a spirit of banter, but admitted that to spend a week continuously with any man would cause her to hate him, and if she married at all it must be as a plunge into a cold bath. Following these two lines of reasoning, both agreed to marry any person I might select, the pair not to meet until one minute before the wedding. I had long considered Auchincloss and Miss Englander as eminently fitted for each other and selected them for a matrimonial venture. One stipulation was made by the bride. After the ceremony she was to have a month before living with her husband. He must leave her immediately after the benediction. This, she said, was necessary to permit her to gather her forces for what she considered "the great sacrifice on the altar of family ties and affection."

There are people who do not impress us at once, but grow on us slowly. The principals in this case both impressed those who met them on sight. Every one said on meeting John Auchincloss, "What a splendid man!" And Helen Englander called forth like encomiums. Would the strong individuality in both harmonize? This must be left to fate, but it is better to take one chance than a dozen, and in this case there was no chance whatever that either would get an unworthy life partner.

The wedding was in every respect worthy of the practical couple concerned in it. It occurred at 11 in the morning, and the only persons present except the bride and groom were the bride's mother and myself. At 11 o'clock John and I stepped up to the Englander front door, rang the bell and were ushered into the drawing room, where Mrs. and Miss Englander were awaiting us. Of course I watched anxiously for the first look that should come over the face of each at beholding the other. John's countenance was perfectly serene. If there was disappointment in it I failed to discover it. Helen's lit up with a quick pleasure, and she drew a long breath as if she had been freed from a great dread. But for these scarcely to be detected features one might have supposed the two had met for the purpose of transferring a piece of property.

As we entered I drew out my watch and noted the time, then went across the hall, where a clergyman was in waiting, brought him in, and the ceremony began exactly forty-eight seconds after the principals had met. John answered the responses as methodically as if he were making an affidavit before a notary, but Helen bungled everything. It was plain that there was no small commotion beneath her rapidly rising and falling bosom. As soon as she had been pronounced a wife she turned to salute her mother, her chief object being to hide the turmoil within her. Then, suddenly turning about, she looked her husband full in the face. For the first time in my life I wished such a woman would give me such a look.

John had ordered a carriage to call for him at five minutes past 11, and the first glance between husband and wife was cut short by the butler announcing that it had arrived. John bid adieu to his mother-in-law, then to his wife. The latter kept her eyes on the carpet till the last moment, then looked up, with a soft reproach in her eyes.

"May I beg a few minutes' indulgence?" said John. "I assumed that our contract made it obligatory on me to depart at once."

"I don't remember that the exact time was stated," said the bride, with a blush.

This was a positive untruth. She had used the word "immediately."

Mrs. Englander asked me if I would partake of some refreshment, and, accompanied by the clergyman, we went out to another room, leaving the newly married pair alone together.

Up to this point I have told that in which I was an important actor. The rest of the story I can only tell by inference. John had agreed to lunch with me at 1 o'clock. He did not appear at the appointed time, nor did I see or hear anything of him during the afternoon. In the evening I went to his rooms, but he had not been there. A messenger had called with a written permit to enter the rooms and remove any articles he chose. A trunk was necessary to take what he selected. I did not see John for thirty days after leaving him with his bride. Then he walked into my office one morning.

"Where have you been?" I asked, somewhat ruffled.

"You remember the contract. I was to leave immediately after the ceremony, as she needed a month in which to recover from the shock and prepare for married life. Well, I left, according to contract, and my wife said there was nothing in the agreement to prevent her going with me. I sent to my rooms for some clothes, and we left on the afternoon train for a wedding trip. That's a bang-up good plan if yours. Any news?"

GRANITEVILLE.

A special meeting of Mystic circle, No. 985, will be held in Miles' hall Thursday, December 30, at 7 p. m., for the election of officers and balloting on candidates. Every member is asked to be present.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

How the Paving Value of Asphalt Was Brought to Notice.

All forms of bituminous pavements, whether manufactured from natural or artificial asphalt, are in fact artificial stone pavements. The industry started with the use of the natural rock asphalt from the mines in the Val de Travers, Canton Neufchatel, Switzerland. The mines were discovered in 1721, but it was in 1840 that its utility as a road covering was first noticed. The rock was then being mixed for the purpose of extracting the bitumen contained in it for use in medicine and arts. It is a limestone found impregnated with bitumen, of which it yields on analysis from 8 to 14 per cent.

It was observed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagon were crushed by the weight of wheels, and under the combined influence of the traffic and heat of the sun a good road surface was produced. A macadam road of asphalt rock was then made which gave very good results, and finally in 1854 a portion of the Rue Bergere was laid in Paris of compressed asphalt on a concrete foundation. In 1858 a still larger sample was laid, and from that time it has been laid year by year in Paris. From Paris it extended to London, being laid on Threadneedle street in 1869 and Cheapside in 1870 and in successive years on other streets, and then its use in street and road making extended to other countries.—Exchange.

Followed the Book.

"Die, Bertrand Maltravers!" hissed the villain. And the hero of the piece prepared to fall and perish, as per instructions of the prompt book.

But, alack, the revolver with which the fell deed was to be executed failed to do its horrid work! The villain, however, was a man of resource.

He stole behind his victim and smote him on the head with the butt end of the refractory weapon, and the hero, thinking one death as good as another, fell to the ground.

All would have gone well now, but the promoted super, who was taking the part of the policeman who discovered the body, was late in taking his cue. He walked on and in due course found the body. He was not a funny man by any means, but still his first words caused a yell of laughter.

"Shot!" he cried tragically. "He's been shot through the back!"—London Scraps.

A Peculiarity of Dreams.

As to dreams, there was a discussion at the club lunch, and one man remarked that no man dreamed of himself as braver than he is. When the dream came the dreamer was always the underdog. He was in horrible danger and never did anything picturesque to face it. There may be men who are brave in their sleep, but it would be interesting to find one man outside of the dozen sleeping cowards who is a hero in a dream.—London Chronicle.

Four Useful Senses.

The naturalist of Wolbrook-in-the-Hills had pointed out a rabbit squatting close under a bush, and the ladies had declared in chorus that they could not see the little animal.

"How do you manage to see everything?" asked one of the party, with flattering inflection.

"Well," began the naturalist confidently, "'tain't altogether seeing. Sometimes I see, but when I can't see with my eyes I smell things with my nose, and when I can't smell things with my nose I hear 'em with my ears, and when I can't hear with my ears I prickle all over."—Youth's Companion.

FIRE RAGES FIVE DAYS

Cotton Burned in Hold of Steamship Celtic

LOSS IS NOT YET KNOWN

None of Her Four Hundred Passengers Was Any the Wiser—Upon Her Arrival, Hustling Work Was Begun.

Liverpool Dec. 29.—Fire was discovered in the hold of the White Star liner Celtic last Wednesday, when the vessel was four days out from New York. The liner arrived here safely Monday. The fire was still burning, but its presence was known to none of the 400 passengers.

Immediately upon arrival, the work of discharging the cargo, in an effort to reach the origin of the blaze, was begun. The work was continued yesterday. The fire started amid the bales of cotton in hold No. 6.

The Celtic sailed from New York for Queenstown and Liverpool on December 18. The voyage was without special incident until the following Wednesday, when smoke was discovered creeping up from among the cotton bales that filled No. 6 hold. Capt. Hambelton ordered that the hatches be closed and sealed.

Efforts to locate the fire were then begun, but the matter was carefully guarded from the passengers. Above decks, there was no evidence of anything unusual, but for the next five days the fire was burning steadily below.

The hold has been flooded. The extent of the damage could not be determined yesterday.

MAY BE A PARANOIAC.

A Suggestion to Account for Dr. Cook's Disappearance.

Much that is not expressed may logically be inferred from the extraordinary statement just issued by Charles Wake concerning the disappearance of his friend, Dr. Cook. On the surface, it appears that Cook had reached the end of his rope and realized it. A fertile imagination failed at last to yield excuses that might be expected to satisfy an honest associate, and in sheer desperation the discredited explorer "bolted." Disguising himself, he scuttled into Canada, thence made his way to Europe, and still remains in hiding. These are the tactics that would naturally be pursued by a defeated trickster, and Mr. Wake's intelligence and integrity forbid him to resist the implication.

Yet there are two ways to account for Dr. Cook's panic terrors, displayed so fully toward the end, and it seems incredible that the sensation mongers who, three months ago, were so busy building up his fame, should have failed to suggest the more charitable one. Perhaps Dr. Cook had become a paranoiac. In that form of delusional insanity, intelligence remains unimpaired, but the delusions of persecution and conspiracy persist and may drive the sufferer to unheard-of lengths. Cook's life for fifteen years has been so crowded with deceptions that the strain of "keeping it up" might easily have overthrown a mind more acute and vigorous than his; and his later ravings about "hounds of detectives," who continually trailed him, and unnamed enemies who sought his life, would probably be accepted by any alienist as proof of a disordered brain.—Boston Transcript.

WEDDING AT BRATTLEBORO.

Miss Margaret Martin, Daughter of U. S. Judge, J. L. Martin.

Brattleboro, Dec. 29.—Miss Margaret Susan Martin, eldest daughter of U. S. Judge and Mrs. James L. Martin, and Murray Montague Tucker, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Tucker, were married last evening at 6 o'clock, the ceremony taking place in St. Michael's Episcopal church, the rector, Rev. Andrew Harper, jr., officiating.

The church was handsomely decorated with holly, laurel, evergreen and running pine, with roses at the altar. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin, played by the church organist, Mrs. Etta Sherwin, and during the performance of the wedding ceremony, Mrs. Sherwin played Handel's "Largo." As the party left the church she gave a rendition of Mendelssohn's wedding march.

Miss Martin was attended by her sister, Miss Helen Ruth Martin, as maid of honor, and her bridesmaids, Miss Bejuah Peddrick Tucker, a sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Katherine Gray Martin, also a sister of the bride. Mr. Tucker was attended by Dr. Fred R. Newell and John E. Basor of Brattleboro, Hal L. March, Charles H. Stolte and Harry Bingham of Springfield, and Frank Hardenburg of North Adams, Mass. Miss Martin was given away by her father, Judge J. L. Martin.

The bride wore a gown of white satin crepe de chine with bodice of point Duchess lace, tulle veil with orange blossoms and carried a white prayer book. Miss Helen Martin wore a gown of nile green messaline, trimmed with cream lace and jewelled ornaments, a black picture hat, and carried a bouquet of Richmond roses.

Many prominent people from out of town were present at the ceremony, there being guests from Rutland, Montpelier, Burlington, Bellows Falls, Barre, Bennington, St. Johnsbury, St. Albans and Springfield, Boston, Sprinfield, Holyoke and North Adams, Mass., and New York City. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Tucker will return to Brattleboro, where they will be at home to their friends at 11 Chase street, after February 1.

TAMING A TERROR.

By M. QUAD.

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For ten years Aunt Hannah Day, widow and resident of the village of Clyde, had been a sort of terror to most of the residents. She lived alone and was well to do, and she just doted on lawsuits. At the end of ten years Elder Thomas was about the only citizen of the town worth suing who had not been sued. His time was close at hand, however. He had two hives of bees in his back yard, and they had swarmed earlier than was looked for. Not finding new hives ready, they had passed over into Aunt Hannah's orchard and stung her and her cow and pig before going farther. She decided to start a suit for damages.

Elder Thomas had never had a lawsuit nor been summoned as a juryman or witness. He had a dread of the law, and the knowledge that he was going to be sued set him trembling. It was no use for him to go over and see Aunt Hannah. She never changed her mind nor settled a case. He heard of her decision one morning, and he spent the forenoon worrying over it. He was still worrying after dinner when he set out with hoe on his shoulder to work in a cornfield half a mile outside the village. On the edge of the field was a creek, and on the banks of the creek was an old shed in a tumbledown condition. The elder had been hilling up corn for about a quarter of an hour when a voice called to him from the shed. He raised his head and listened, and it called again. He dropped his hoe and took a few steps forward, and the voice cried out:

"Stop, Elder Thomas! Stop right where you are!"

"Who is it?"

"It's me—Aunt Hannah."

"Are you in the shed?"

"Yes."

"For the land's sake, but what are you doing way out here, and what's happened to you?"

"You keep your place right where you are, and I'll tell you. I came out to pick some blackberries, and after I got here the fit took me to go in swimming in the creek. I undressed in the shed and paddled round for half an hour, and when I came out of the water I found that an infernal hog had chewed all my clothes to rags. There ain't a piece left as big as my hand. I've been waiting here a whole hour."

"But what are you going to do?" asked the elder as he scratched the back of his head.

"Don't ask fool questions! I've got to get home, haven't I? And I can't get home without some clothes. I'd need clothes even if I waited till midnight."

"I guess you would; but, you see, I can't lend you any of mine. All I've got on is shirt and trousers."

"Who wants to borrow any of you? I don't, I'm sure. I want you to go home and tell your wife about it and bring me back a bundle of her clothes. You don't s'pose I'd go back to town in trousers, do you? What you sneaking up nigher for?"

"I want to sit down on that log and talk to you a minit. You sent me word this morning that you was going to sue me about the bees."

"Yes, I did. It was all your fault, and you'll have to pay smart money for it."

It struck the elder as he sat down on the log that the situation was in his hands, so to say. The spot was a quarter of a mile off the road and very retired. There was hardly a chance of the woman finding another messenger for two or three days. Accident might enable him to accomplish what delegations and committees had failed to.

"Well, why don't you go?" asked Aunt Hannah after a long minute. "Do you think I want to stay here all the afternoon? There may be more'n forty hogs in my garden by this time. There are tramps around, and mebbe some of 'em are robbing the house."

"Yes, jest as you say," replied the elder, "but I think we'd better have a talk before I go after any clothes. Why should I go after clothes for a woman who's going to make me trouble?"

"You didn't take care of them bees."

"And you didn't take care of your clothes."

"But I've never stopped a lawsuit and never will."

"And I've never lugged clothes for a woman fool enough to let a hog chaw up her duds. I'll go back to work, and you can get some one else."

Aunt Hannah was spunky, and she stood out for half an hour. Then she called the elder back to the log and agreed not to begin suit against him.

"That ain't enough," he replied. "I've been thinking. You've made lots of folks lots of trouble. It's time you stopped the lawsuit business. If you can't see it that way you'll have to get out of this trouble as best you can. I'm going to start for home soon, and I'll be neighborly enough in case I meet any tramps on the way to send 'em here. They may lend you some clothes."

"Elder Thomas, you are a brute! S'posing it was your wife?"

"My wife don't sue folks."

There were threats and arguments and entreaties, but the elder stood firm, and the victory was his. When Aunt Hannah had given her solemn word to give up the law, he went after the clothes. He not only brought them, but he brought his wife along as well and then retired into the corn and left the two women together. There were pledges and promises given, and for years it was a mystery to the relieved citizens of Clyde why Aunt Hannah so suddenly reformed. She died a few months ago, and so there is no longer occasion for secrecy.

A Week of Blunders.

Sir William Harcourt once told me that he had dined out every night for a whole week in advance of his invitation. He discovered his mistake only on the last night, when on going to dine with some people who gave long invitations and large dinners he found them alone. After a very pleasant evening he thanked them for asking him in so friendly a manner, whereupon they explained that the invitation had been for a week later, but that they had been only too delighted at his mistake. On hearing this Sir William looked at his engagement book and discovered that this was the last of a number of invitations which he had anticipated by a week.—"Memories of Fifty Years," by Lady St. Helier.

RACING PIGEONS.

Their Wonderful Speed and Mysterious Homing Instinct.

Racing pigeons are the fleetest of all creatures. They have maintained a speed of a mile and a half a minute for a hundred miles, according to a writer in Collier's, and they have flown 700 miles between the rising and the setting of the sun.

Pigeons have flown a thousand miles back to the home loft. In 1904 a bird covered that distance in 5 days 2 hours 15 minutes, proving how unerring is the mysterious homing instinct that will drive pigeons across the continent without swerving. But this test is not true sport. The birds simply hurl themselves against time and space till they are played out. They can never race again.

The racer rises into the air with heavy, slow wing pulsations; then, once poised over the starting point, there is a swifter, shorter beat, and the time is "hit up" to the third and permanent wing rhythm, rapid and steady as a pulse beat, which carries it home.

Racers fly 500 feet high over land, but low over water. Their enemies as they fly are wind, rain, gunners and hawks. They do all their flying between sunrise and sunset. If caught out overnight they fend for themselves till dawn.

The homing instinct is lifelong. During the Franco-Prussian war the Germans caught a homing pigeon which was on its way into beleaguered Paris. The bird was kept prisoner for ten years. It was then released. It immediately returned to its old home.

Strange Lapse of Memory.

Cases of forgetfulness on matters of interest are on record. While Dr. Priestly was preparing his work entitled "Harmony of the Gospels" he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion relative to the Jewish Passover. He wrote out the result of his researches and laid the paper away. His attention and time being taken with something else, some little time elapsed before the subject occurred to his mind again. Then the same time and pains were given to the subject that had been given to it before, and the results were again put on paper and laid aside. So completely had he forgotten that he had copied the same paragraphs and reflections before that it was only when he had found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. This same author had frequently read his own published writings and did not recognize them.

Italian Brigandage in 1843.

One summer evening in the crowded theater an [illegible] the [illegible] to th[illegible] uprai[illegible] hand [illegible] aimed [illegible] chief [illegible] per he[illegible] lected. booty [illegible] "Essay